[ficlet] Human AU: Together.

May. 8th, 2011 at 5:20 AM

Title: Human AU: Together.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Archangelcest, smut.
Pairings/Characters: Michael/Lucifer/Raphael/Gabriel.
Word Count: 929 words.
Summary: One word: *finally*.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt author's choice (together) being used for this one. Twenty-nine down, one to go!

I'm almost done. Almost. I'll finish it as soon as I can write it. :D

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Michael finds himself on the bed first as Gabriel takes the lead, bending over him to kiss him, and this time it's heated, tongue and teeth and Michael grips at Gabriel's head to keep him from pulling back before he's ready.

For all of his encounters over the weeks, he's still not used to the sensation of skin-on-skin, and when Gabriel does pull back, flushed and erect already, Michael follows it before stopping himself, touching Gabriel's chest instead.

He can feel Raphael and Lucifer's eyes on them as he presses his palm to Gabriel's chest, feeling skin and muscle before he turns his head to look back at them.

Lucifer is the one to come closer first, and take Michael's hand when he offers it, and then his kiss when he offers that as well.

Michael can feel Gabriel getting off of him and doesn't mind the loss, because Gabriel will be back, he knows it. He pulls Lucifer down onto him and runs his hands over Lucifer's sides and back, remembering the last time they were this close, glad that there is no alcohol interfering now.

Lucifer breaks their kiss to bite at his neck, then lick, and Michael gasps as Lucifer fits his hand between them, grips Michael's base and strokes up from there.

Michael shudders under the touches and rolls his hips with the motions, and feels the bed dip next to him as Gabriel is suddenly pushed down next to him, Raphael's hands holding Gabriel's wrists above his head, and Michael tips his head to see Gabriel moan as Raphael splays fingers over his chest and tugs at nipples, tasting Gabriel's shoulder as he touches.

He can't stop a moan when Lucifer takes him into his mouth, and his hips jerk in surprise at the sensation, because he wasn't - he could never imagine Lucifer doing this for him, or doing this for anyone, and -

Michael cries out, and closes his eyes and misses seeing how Gabriel and Raphael stop to

look at them, and he misses how Gabriel's eyes darken before he forces his hands free to grip Raphael's length, and makes Raphael gasp and moan and whine with pleasure.

Gabriel is good with his hands, and Michael misses it, lost in how Lucifer is good with his tongue.

Michael reaches to grab Lucifer's hair, to tug at him, not ready to be pushed over the edge yet, not when he wants to see everything, and this time, most of all, he wants to reciprocate, he wants to see Lucifer flush with pleasure and more.

Lucifer's mouth comes off of him with a wet pop, and then Michael is kissing him, and then Michael is jerking forward, startled by the unexpected touch from Gabriel, and fingers over wet senstive skin makes Michael moan wantonly, makes him reach out to grip Lucifer before he loses his chance entirely.

Lucifer, Michael thinks, looks good with his mouth open. He looks good with his grip turning shaky, and he looks good with his eyes closed.

Abruptly Michael feels another set of fingers on him and is forced to drag his gaze away from Lucifer to see who, even though he knows, and Raphael is there, learning from Gabriel, touching Michael's tip with his fingertips and seeing how Gabriel moves his hand.

"Ah - " Michael opens his mouth to say something, but all he can manage is Lucifer's name and a moan, and he can't begin to express how relieved he is that Raphael is touching him, that Raphael is accepting this and participating, and that -

Michael leans forward to quickly kiss Raphael, open-mouthed and messy and grateful, and then he is focusing on Lucifer, pushing him back down on the bed, hips jerking with every touch of their fingers on his cock, and he bends down to lick at Lucifer's nipples, acting on instinct.

Abruptly Gabriel's touch is gone, and Michael pauses briefly to see, and -

Michael never thought he'd see Raphael doing that for Gabriel. He looks back at Lucifer quickly and meets his eyes, and then there is warmth on his hands as Lucifer closes his eyes and calls Michael's name, coming.

It's enough to push Michael over the edge, with Raphael's fingers still on him and the sounds and Michael shudders, slumping on Lucifer as he finds his own release, panting after it's faded, suddenly worn out, as if he's been running for a long time.

He doesn't let his attention drift, though, not when he wants to watch Raphael, and Gabriel -

Gabriel comes with a cry of his own, and doesn't call any name, just a wordless shout of pleasure, and then he is dragging Raphael up to kiss him and roll him over so he can slide down and return the favor, and Michael rests his head on Lucifer's stomach as Raphael arches under Gabriel's ministrations.

Michael takes Lucifer's hand in his as Raphael comes, and he's surprised to hear Raphael call his name, but it's alright, Gabriel's grinning as he comes up to kiss Raphael, and Michael lets his eyes close, lets himself rest, *knowing* he's safe, and exactly where he wants to be.

They sleep together that night, on top of the sheets but under the blankets to cover the wet spots, and Lucifer sleeps with Michael on his chest and Gabriel on his arm, Raphael pressed to his and Michael's sides, arm thrown over them all, and it's almost too hot for comfort, but none of them will protest.

Not one of them.

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